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Homespun

tion will find in the volume—perhaps not “realms of gold”, but at least places where blow the many winds, always things of mystery to children and not to children alone; where, as Mr. Moore himself says,

None comes, none goes,
But the wind knows.

And the man or woman will find in the poems as much as the boy or girl; indeed, to almost any child, without guidance, the book is likely to be a bit recondite. *N. A. C.*

HOMESPUN

Rhymes of a Homesteader, by Elliott C. Lincoln. Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is a book of western verse, much of it of the homely familiar kind in dialect which passes current as good newspaper verse. It is hard to establish a line by which one can say of verse of this sort: This is a counterfeit of the genuine homespun, and this, on the other hand, is the real stuff. Several of the poems in this book rise above the counterfeit and approach the real thing, but the majority are written down with that careful colloquial carelessness which fails of its effect just because of its too apparent condescension. The naiveté of genuine folk homespun is not assumed. An author may achieve the folk quality because he is naive really; or he may achieve it through conscious simplicity; but not merely through rhyming dialect or colloquial nonchalance.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

One may be severe on this score, because Mr. Elliott's best poems are so far beyond the rest. *Wheel Tracks, The Homesteader, The Sheepherder, Forty Below, The Chinook*, and *The Third Year* give promise of a much finer development of the author's talent. A. C. H.

MR. BYNNER'S SKIT

Pins for Wings, by Emanuel Morgan. The Sunwise Turn, New York.

Mr. Bynner must have had a beautiful time with himself working out these thumb-nail caricatures. There are too many for them all to be clever, of course; but a few have the delicate tang of wit.

"A hamadryad in the tree of knowledge" is not bad for Miss Millay, or "Overalls rhyming" for Walt Mason. "A cardinal on a merry-go-round" is still better, perhaps, for Mr. Chesterton. "A graphophone in the morgue" is only a half-success for Edgar Lee Masters, and "A colored post-card as Hamlet" does not quite hit off adequately the cruelly battered egoism of Cale Young Rice.

But the masterpiece of wit which would excuse a volume of failures, the portrait complete and satisfying which leaves nothing more to be said, is this of George Edward Woodberry:

Grape-juice
In the Holy Grail.

A word of praise also for Mr. Saphier's line-drawings, and for one or two of Mr. Opffer's sketches. H. M.